

doubt the sincerity of this declaration, I nevertheless make it. It would be a great consolation for me if before my departure I could hear from yourself that you were prospering in the world, a great satisfaction if you could communicate to me with the candor which I wish to be the characteristic of our letters.

Although I have not been fortunate enough in finally arranging my affairs, I natter myself I have succeeded in making some temporary dispositions. Nothing of importance has been done with M., but he is inclined to wait till my return if possible, and if he cannot, to be silent. I feel less for him than for others, because I now see too well what was the cause of all our errors, and curse the hour he practised, as he thought so cunningly, upon our inexperienced youth. But this only to yourself, for he is after all an object of pity, and I would to God that I could do something for him more than I am bound to do.

For yourself, who—most unintentionally on my part — have suffered from my madness — it is for you I feel, indeed keenly, you, whose generous and manly soul I have ever honored, and credit me, have ever done justice to. All I can say is, that the first step I take, when the power is mine, shall be in your favor, and that sooner, or later, the power will be mine; and that, some day or other, we may look back to these early adventures, rather as matter of philosophical speculation than individual sorrow, I confidently believe.

For there is something within me, which, in spite of all the dicta of the faculty, and in the face of the prostrate state in which I lie, whispers to me I shall yet weather this fearful storm, and that a more prosperous career may yet open to me.

My father has quitted London, and now resides at Bradenharn House, near Wycorabe, Bucks — a place where I hope some day to see you, though at present I am only the inmate of an unsocial hotel, and preparing for my embarkation in the course of this current month. Anything addressed to me at the Union will reach one who will always consider himself

Your sincere friend,  
B. D.

Disraeli at first had thought of making *The Young Duke* an occasion, for the resumption of relations with his old friend Murray, and during his visit to London in March he sought an interview with that purpose. 'It has always,' he explained,

'been my wish, if it ever